turies countermarching; the course of events

proceeding toward the Beginning and not, as

"But." I interposed, "we know that as far as

"'We know!" exclaimed Van Stopp, with growing scorn, "Your intelligence has no

wings. You follow in the trail of Compts and

his silmy broad of creepers and crawlers. You

speak with amazing assurance of your position

wretched little individuality has a firm foothold

in the Absolute. Yet you go to bed to-night and

dream into existence men, women, children,

beasts of the past or of the future. How do you

know that at this moment you yourself, with

all your conceit of nineteenth century thought,

are anything more than a creature of a dream

of the future, dreamed, let us say, by some philosopher of the sixteenth century? How do

you know that you are anything more than a

creature of a dream of the past, dreamed by

ome Hegelian of the twenty-sixth century?

How do you know, boy, that you will not vanish

into the sixteenth century or the twenty-sixth

There was no replying to this, for it was sound

metaphysics. Harry yawned. I got up and

went to the window. Prof. Van Stopp ap-

reached the clock.
"Ah, my children," said he, "there is no fixed

progress of human events. Past, present, and

uture are woven together in one inextricable

mesh. Who shall say that this old clock is not

A crash of thunder shook the house. The

When the blinding glare had passed away.

Prof. Van Stopp was standing upon a chair be-

fore the tall timepiece. His face looked more

than ever like Aunt Gertrude's. He stood as

she had stood in that last quarter of an hour

The same thought struck Harry and myself.

'Hold!" we cried, as he began to wind the

The Professor's sallow features shows with

"True," he said, "it may be death; but it may

be the awakening. Past, present, future; all woven together! The shuttle goes to and fro.

He had wound the clock. The hands were

whirling around the dial from right to left with

igeonceivable rapidity. In this wairl we our-

selves seemed to be borne along. Eternities

seemed to contract into minutes while lifetimes

were thrown off at every tick. Van Stopp, both

arms outstretched, was reeling in his chair.

The house shook again under a tremendous

peal of thunder. At the same instant a ball of

fire, leaving a wake of sulphurous vapor and

filling the room with dazzling light, passed over

our heads and smote the clock. Van Stopp was

IV.

The roar of the thunder sounded like heavy

cannonading. The lightning's blaze appeared

as the steady light of a conflagration. With our

hands over our eyes, Harry and I rushed out

Under a red sky people were hurrying toward

the Stadthuis. Fiames in the direction of the Roman tower told us that the heart of the town

vas afire. The faces of those we saw were hag-

gard and emaciated. From every side we

caught disjointed phrases of complaint or de-

spair. " Horseflesh at ten schillings the pound."

said one, "and bread at sixteen schillings."

ight weeks gone since I have seen a crumb.

there and many burghers with grim faces un-

"There is bread in plenty yonder where the

babe died, and she and her man-'

ler their broad-brimmed felt hats.

Bread indeed!" an old woman retorted: "it's

My little grandchild, the lame one, went last

prostrated. The hands censed to revolve.

the strange enthusiasm that had transformed

to moment the dreamer awakes?"

right to go backward?"

storm was over our heads.

Aunt Gertrude's.

into the night.

when we saw her wind the clock.

works. "It may be death if you-"

in the universe. You seem to think that your

now, toward the End?"

we are concerned the-

A row of Lombardy poplars stood in front of my great-aunt Gertrude's house, on the bank of the Sheepsoot River. In personal appearance my aunt was surprisingly like one of these trees. She had the look of hopeless andmia that distinguishes them from fuller blooded sorts. She was tall, severe in outline, and extremely thin. Her habitiments clung to her. I am sure that had the gods found oceasion to impose upon her the fate of Daphne she would have taken her place easily and paturativ in the dismal row, as meanchely a pop-

Some of my earliest recollections are of this venerable relative. Alive and dead she bere an important part in the events I am about to recount; events which I believe to be without parallel in the experience of mankind.

aring our periodical visits of duty to Aunt Gertrude in Maine, my cousin Harry and myself were accustomed to speculate much on her nge. Was also sixty, or was she six score? had no precise information; she might have been either. The old lady was surrounded by old-fashioned things. She seemed to live altogether in the past. In her short half hours of communicativeness, over her second cup of tea, or on the piazza when the poplars sent slimshadows directly toward the east, she used to tell us stories of her alleged ancestors. I say alloged, because we never fully believed that she had ancestors.

A genealogy is a stupid thing. Here is Aunt Gertrude's, reduced to its simplest terms;

Her great-great-grandmother (1599-1642) was a woman of Holland who married a Puritan refugee, and sailed from Leyden to Plymouth in the ship Ann in the year of our Lord 1632. This Pilgrim mother had a daughter, Aunt Gertrude's great-grandmether (1640-1718). She came to the Eastern District of Massachusetts In the early part of the last century, and was carried off by the Indians in the Penobscot wars. Her daughter (1680-1776) lived to see these colonies free and independent, and contributed to the population of the coming republic not less than nineteen stalwart sons and comely daughters. One of the latter (1735-1802) married a Wiscasset skipper engaged in the West India trade, with whom she sailed. She was twice wrecked at sea-once on what is now Seguin Island and once on San Salvador. It was on San Balvador that Aunt Gertrude was born.

We got to be very tired of hearing this family history. Perhaps it was the constant repetition and the merciless persistency with which the above dates were driven into our young ears that made us skeptics. As I have said, we took little stock in Aunt Gertrude's ancestors. They seemed highly improbable. In our private opinion the great-grandmothers and grandmothers and so forth were pure myths, and Aunt Gertrude herself was the principal in all the adventures attributed to them, having lasted from century to century while generations of contemporaries went the way of all flesh.

On the first landing of the square stairway of the mansion loomed a tail Dutch clock. The case was more than eight feet high, of a dark red wood, not mahogany, and it was curiously Inlaid with silver. No common piece of furniture was this. About a hundred years ago there flourished in the town of Brunswick an horologist named Cary, an industrious and accomplished workman. Few well-to-do houses on that part of the coast lacked a Cary timepiece But Aunt Gertrude's clock had marked the hours and minutes of two full fcenturies before the Brunswick artisan was born. It was running when William the Taciturn pierced the dykes to relieve Leyden. The name of the maker. Jan Lipperdam, and the date, 1572, were still legible in broad black letters and figures reaching quite across the dial. Carr's masterpieces were plebeian and recent beside this ancient aristocrat. The jolly Dutch moon, made to exhibit its phases over a landscape of windmills and poiders, was cupningly painted. A skilled hand had carved the grim ornament at the top, a Death's head transfixed by a twoedged sword. Like all timepieces of the sixteenth century, it had no pendulum. A simple Van Wyck escapement governed the descent of

But these weights never moved. Year after year when Harry and I returned to Maine we found the hands of the old clock pointing to the quarter past three, as they had pointed when we first saw them. The fat moon hung perpetually in the third quarter, as motioniess as under the city wall on the last night of the stere; the Death's head above. There was a mystery it does not tell the story of the defence or give about the silenced movement and the paralyzed hands. Aunt Gertrude told us that the works had never performed their functions since a boit of lightning entered the clock; and she showed us a black hole in the side of the case near the top, with a rawning rift that extended downward for several feet. This explanation failed to satisfy us. It did not account for the sharpness of her refusal when we proposed to bring over the watchmaker from the village, or for her singular agitation once when she found Harry on a stepladder. with a borrowed key in his hand, about to test

the weights to the bottom of the tall case.

for himself the clock's suspended vitality. One August night, after we had grown out of boyhood, I was awakened by a noise in the haliway. I shook my cousin. "Somebody's in

A dim light came from below. We held breath and noiselessly descended to the second landing. Harry clutched my arm. He pointed down over the banisters, at the same time drawing me back into the shadow. We saw a strange thing.

We crept out of our room and on to the stairs.

Aunt Gertrude stood on a chair in front of the old clock, as spectral in her white nightgown and white nighteap as one of the poplars when covered with snow. It chanced that the floor creaked slightly under our feet. turned with a sudden movement peering intently into the darkness, and holding a candle high toward us, so that the light was full upon her pale face. She loomed many years older than when I bade her good night. For a lew minutes she was motionless, except in the trembling arm that held aloft the candle. Then evidently reassured, she placed the light upon

a shelf and turned again to the clock. We now saw the old lady take a key from behind the case and proceed to wind up the weights. We could hear her breath, quick and short. She rested a hand on either side of the case and held her face close to the dial, as if subjecting it to anxious scrutiny. In this atti tude she remained for a long time. We heard her utter a sigh of relief, and she half turned toward us for a moment. I shall never forget the expression of wild joy that transfigured her

The hands of the clock were moving; they

were moving backward. Aunt Gertrude put both arms around the slock and pressed her withered cheek against it. She kissed it repeatedly. She caresed it in a hundred ways, as if it had been a living and beloved thing. She fondled it and talked t it, using words which we could hear but could not understand. The hands continued to move

Then she started back with a sudden ory The clock had stopped. We saw her fall body swaying for an instant on the clinic. S stretched out her arms in a convulsive gesture of terror and despair, wrenched the minute hand to its old place at a quarter past three, and

fell heavily to the floor. H.

Aunt Gertrude's will left me her bank and gas stocks, real estate, railroad bonds, and city sevens, and gave Harry the clock. We thought at the time that this was a very unequal division, the more surprising because my cousin had always suched to be the favorite. Half in surjousness we made a thorough examination of the an lent times to a sounding its wooden ensafer secret drawers, and even probing the not complicated works with a knining needle to ascentain if our whimsical relative had hest wed there some endied or other document chang ing the aspect of affairs. We discovered nothing

There was testamentary provision for our education at the University of Loyden. We loft the military school in which we had carnet a I this of the theory of war, and a good deal of the anding with our nones over our heels, and took ship without delay. The clock went | Past unfolding as the Future recedes; the cen-

with us. Before many months it was established in a corner of a room in the Broade strast, The fabric of Jan Lipperdam's ingenuity, thus restored to its native air, continued to tell the hour of quarter past three with its old fidelmy. The author of the clock had been under the sod for nearly three hundred years. The combined skill of his successors in the craft at Leyden could make it go neither forward nor backward.

We readily picked up Dutch enough to make ourselves understood by the townspeople, the professors, and such of our eight hundred and old fellow students as came into intercourse This language, which looks so hard at first, is only a sort of polarized English. Puzzle over it a little while and it jumps into your comprebension like one of those simple cryptograms made by running together all the words of a sentence and then dividing in the wrong places The language acquired and the newness o or surroundings wern off, we settled into tolorably regular pursuits. Harry devoted himself with some assiduity to the study of sociology, with especial reference to the roundfaced and not unkind maidens of Leyden.

went in for the higher metaphysics. Outside of our respective studies, we had a common ground of unfatting interest. To our astonishment, we found that not one in twenty of the faculty or students knew or cared a stiver about the glorious history of the town, or ever about the circumstances under which the Uni versity itself was founded by the Prince of Orange. In marked contrast with the general indifference was the enthusiasm of Prof. Va-Stopp, my chosen guide through the cloudland

of speculative philosophy. This distinguished Hegelian was a tobaccodried little old man, with a skull cap over features that reminded me strangely of Aunt Gertrude's. Had he been her own brother the facial resemblance could not have been closer. I told him so once, when we were together to the Stadthuis looking at the portrait of the herof the siege, the Burgomaster Van der Werf. The Professor laughed. "I will show you what ts even a more extraordinary coincidence." said he; and leading the way across the hall to the great picture of the siege, by Wappers, he pointed out the figure of a burgher participating in the defence. It was true. Van Stopp might have been the burgher's son; the burgher

might have been Aunt Gertrude's father.

The Professor seemed to be fond of us. We

often went to his rooms in an old bouse in the Rapenburg straat, one of the few houses remaining that antedate 1574. He would walk with us through the beautiful suburbs of the city, over straight roads lined with poplars that carried us back to the bank of the Sheepscot and kept the image of Aunt Gertrude constantly in our minds. He took us to the top of the ruined Roman tower in the centre of the town. and from the same battlements from which anxious eyes three centuries ago had watched the slow approach of Admiral Boisot's fleet over the submerged politers, he pointed out the great dyke of the Land-scheiding which was cut that the ocean might bring Boisot's Zealand ers to raise the leaguer and feed the starving. He showed us the headquarters of the Spaniard Valdez at Leyderdorp, and told us how heaver sent a violent northwest wind on the night of the first of October, piling up the water deep where it had been shallow and sweening the fleet on between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten up to the very walls of the fort at Lammen, the las stronghold of the besiegers and the last obstacle in the way of succor to the famishing inhabi tants. Then he showed us where, on the ver night before the retreat of the besieging arms a huge breach was made in the wall of Leyden near the Cow Gate, by the Walloons from Lammen

"Why!" eried Harry, estehing fire from the eloquence of the Professor's narrative, "that was the decisive moment of the siege."

The Professor said nothing. He stood wit his arms folded, looking intentity into my cousin's eyes.

"For," continued Harry, "had that point not been watched, or had defence failed and the breach been carried by the night assault from Lammen, the town would have been burnes and the people massacred under the eyes of Admiral Boisot and the fleet of relief. Who

stroyed the last hope of the Prince of Orange

and of the free States. The tyranny of Philip

religious liberty and of self-government by the

people would have been restponed, who knows

for how many centuries? Who knows that there

would or could have been a republic of th

United States of America had there been no

United Netherlands? Our university, which

has given to the world Grotius, Scaliger, Ar-

minius and Descartes, was founded upon this

owe to him your very existence. Your nncestor,

butchers outside the walls he stood that night."

were straining their gaze toward Zoeterwoude

III.

The rain was splashing against the windows

no evening in the autumn of our third year at

Ley len, when Prof. Van Stopp honored us with

a visit in the Broods strant. Never had I seer

the old gentleman in such spirits. He talked

incessantly. The goasip of the town, the news

of Europe, science, poetry, philosophy, were in

cu touched upon and treated with the same

ight, had evented humor. I sought to draw

im out on Hegel, with whose chapter on the

Thomas I was just then struggling.

amiling. "Well, you will, some time."

ed the Professor. "Does it never go?"

and useless. It cannot be made to go,"

It was when Aunt Gertrude-"

I blushed, and stammered,

trace its course?"

had none to give.

iffults Complexity and faterdependency of

You do not grasp the return of the Itself

fate Itself through its Otherself?" he said

Harry was stient and proceupled. His

aciturnity gradually affected even the Profes

sor. The conversation flagged, and we sat

long while without a word. Now and then there

was a flash of lightning succeeded by distant

Your clock does not go," suddenly remark

"Never since we can remember," I replied

That is, only ones, and then it went backward,

Here I caught a warning glance from Harry

"Only backward?" satisfies Professor, eatmly,

and not appearing to notice my embarramment

word? Whyshoul i not Time itself turn and re-

Well, and why should not a clock go back

lie seemed to be waiting for an answer. I

"I thought you Hegelian enough," he con

aued, "to admit that every condition includes

its own contradiction. Time is a condition, not

an essential. Viewed from the Absolute, the

sequence by which future follows present and

present follows past is purely arbitrary. Yes-

terday, to-day, to-morrow; there is no reason

not be to-morrow, to-day, vesterday."

Professor's speculations.

in the nature of things why the order should

A sharper peal of thunder interrupted the

The day is made by the planet's revolution

on it axis from went to east. I fancy you can

conceive conditions under which it might turn

difficult to imagine Time unwinding itself;

from east to west, unwinding, as it were, the

revolutions of past ages. Is it so much more

Time on the ebb, instead of on the flow; the

"The clock is old

and the fleet, there was one pair of vigilant eye

glistened and his cheeks reddened.

rere of Leyden; between their lives and the

nother amnests over the walls this morning An excited growd immediately surrounded the speaker. "But the fleet!" they cried. "The fleet is grounded fast on the Greenway defended the breach?" polder. Bolsot may turn his one eye seaward Van Storp replied very slowly, as if weighing or a wind till famine and pestilenes have carevery word: ried off every mother's son of ye, and his arks "History records the explosion of the mine will be not a rope's length nearer. Death by plague, death by starvation, death by fire and

ry-that is what the Burn. the defender's name. Yet no man that eve us in return for glory for himself and kingdom lived had a more tremendous charge than fate intrusted to this unknown here. Was it chance "He asks us," said a sturdy citizen, "to hold that sent him to meet that unexpected danger? out only twenty-four hours longer, and to pray Consider some of the consequences had be meanwhile for an ocean win L' failed. The fall of Leyden would have de-

"Ah, yes!" sneered the first speaker. " on. There is bread enough locked in Pleter Adriaanszoon Van der Werf's cellar. I warwould have been roestablished. The birth of rant you that is what gives him so wonderful a stomach for resisting the Most Catholic King."

A young girl, with braided yellow hair, pressed through the crowd and confronted the malcontent. "Good people," said the maiden. do not listen to him. He is a traitor with a Spanish heart, I am Pieter's daughter, We have no bread. We are maltenkes and lineced and rapeseed like the rest of you till that was hero's successful defence of the breach. We gone. Then we stripped the green leaves from owe to him our presence here to-day. Nay, you\_ the lime trees and willows in our garden and ate them. We have eaten even the thistles and weeds that grew between the stones by the canal. The coward lies."

The little Professor towered before us a giant Nevertheless, the instruction had its effect of enthusiasm and patriotists. Harry's eyes The throng, now become a meb, surged off in the direction of the Burgomaster's house. One "Go house, boys," said Van Stopp, "and rufflan raised his hand to strike the girl out of thank God that while the burghers of Loyden the way. In a wink the our was under the feet of his fellows, and Harry, panting and glowing, stood at the maiden's side, shouting deffand one stont heart at the town wall just beyond ance in good English at the backs of the rapidy retreating crowd.

With the utmost frankness she put both her arms around Harry's neck and kissed him. Thank you," she said. "You are a hearty ad. My name is Gertruyd Van der Werf."

Harry was fumbling in his vocabulary for the proper Duten phrase, but the girl would not stay for compliments. "They mean mischief to my father;" and she burried us through several exceedingly narrow streets into a threecornered market place, before a brick church with twin spires. "There he is." she exclaimed. "on the steps of St. Paneras."

There was a tumult in the market place. The aflagration raning beyond the church and he voices of the Spanish and Walloon cannot utside of the walls were less angry than the oar of this multitude of desperate men clamoring for the breat that a single word from their leader's lips would bring them, "Sur render to the King!" they cried, "or we will send your dead body to Lammen as Leyden's

oken of aubmission." One tall man, tailer by half a head than any of he burghers confronting him, and so dark of implaction that we wondered how he could be the father of Gertray I, heard the threat in allence. When the Burgomaster spoke, the mol-

stoned in spite of themselves. What is it you ask, my friends? That we break our yow and surrender Leydon to the Spaniards? That is to devote ourselves to a ate far more horrable than starvation. I have worn to hold the town; Golf give me strength a keep the oath! Kill me, if you will have it so I can die only once, whether by your hands, by the enemy's, or by the hand of God. Lot us starye, if we must, welcoming starvation be cause it comes before dishenor. Your monness to not move me; my life is at your disposal. Here, take my sword; thrust it into my broast, and divide my flesh among you to appease your hunger. So long as I remain alive expect no

surrender." There was silence again while the mobwavered. Then there were mutterings around us. Above these rang out the clear voice of the girl whose hand Harry still held-unnecessari-

it seemed to me. Do you not feel the sea wind? It has con inst. To the Tower! and the first man there will see by moonlight the full white sails of the Prince's ships,"

For several hours I scoured the streets of the town, seeking in vain my cousin and his companion; the sudden movement of the crowd | hind, I should be prepared to my any wager that she toward the Roman tower had separated us. On | would win"

every side I saw evidences of the terribl chastisement that had brought this stouthearted people to the verge of despair. A man with hungry eyes chased a lean rat along the bank of the canal. A young mother, with two dead babes in her arms, sat in a doorway to which they bore the body of her husband and father, just killed at the walls. In the middle of a deserted street I passed unburied corpses in a pile twice as high as my head. The pestilence had been there-kinder than the Spaniard, be-cause it held out no treacherous promises

while it dealt its blows, Toward morning the wind increased to a gale. There was no sleep in Leyden, no more talk of surrender, no longer any thought or care about defence. These words were on the lips of everybody I met: "Daylight will bring

Did daylight bring the fleet? History says so. but I was not a witness. I know only that before dawn the gale culminated in a violent thunder storm, and that at the same time a muffled explosion, heavier than the thunder, shook the town. I was in the crowd that watched from the Roman Mound for the first signs of the approaching relief. The concussion shook hope out of every face. mine has reached the wall!" But where? I pressed forward until I found the Burgomaster, who was standing among the rest. I whispered. " It is beyond the Cow Gate, and this side of the tower of Burgundy." He gave me a searching glance, and then strode away, without making any attempt to quiet the general panic. I followed close at his heels.

It was a tight run of nearly half a mile to the rampart in question. When we reached the Cow Gate this is what we saw:

A great gap, where the wall had been, opening to the swampy fields beyond; in the most, outside and below, a confusion of upturned faces, belonging to men who struggled like demons to achieve the breach, and who now gained a few feet and now were forced back : on the shattered rampart a handful of soldiers and burghers forming a living wall where masonry had failed; perhaps a double handful of women and girls, serving stones to the defenders, and boiling water in buckets, besides pitch and oil and unslaked lime, and some of them quoiting tarred and burning hoops over the necks of the Spaniards in the most; my cousin Harry leading and directing the men; the Burgomaster's daughter Gertruyd encouraging and inspiring the women.

But what attracted my attention more than anything else was the frantic activity of a little figure in black, who, with a huge lade, was showering molten lead on the heads of the assailing party. As he turned to the bonfire and kettle which supplied him with ammunition his features came into the full light. I gave a cry of surprise; the ladler of molten lead was Professor Van Stopp.

The Burgomaster Van der Werf turned at my sudden exciamation. "Who is that?" I said. "The man at the kettle?" "That," replied Van der Werf, " is the brother

of my wife, the clockmaker Jan Lipperdam." The affair at the breach was over almost betore we had had time to grasp the situation. The Spaniards, who had overthrown the wall of brick and stone, found the living wall impregnable. They could not even maintain their position in the most; they were driven off into the darkness. Now I felt a sharp pain in my left arm. Some stray missile must have hit me while we watched the fight.

"Who has done this thing?" demanded the Burgomaster, "Who is it that has kept watch on to-day while the rest of us were straining fools' eyes toward to-morrow?" Gertruyd Van der Worf came forward proud-

night." "Do you know what Gekke Betje, the ly leading my cousin. "My father," said the girl, "he has saved my life." casherwoman, did? She was starving. Her That is much to me," said the Burgomaster, A louder cannonburst cut short the revela-

"but it is not all. He has saved Leyden and on. We made our way on toward the citadel he has saved Holland." of the town, passing a few soldiers here and I was becoming dizzy. The faces around me seemed unreal. Why were we here with these people? Why did the thunder and lightning rever continue? Why did the clockmaker, gunpowder is, and full pardon, too. Valdez shot Jan Lipperdam, turn always toward me the

face of Professor Van Stopp? "Harry!" I said, "come back to our rooms." But though he grasped my hand warmly his ther hand still heat that of the girl, and he did not move. Then nausea overcame me. My head swam, and the breach and its defenders faded

from sight.

Three days later I sat with one arm bandaged in my accustomed seat in Van Stopp's lecture room. The place beside me was vaccent

"We hear much," said the Hegelian Professor, reading from a note book in his usual day. hurried tone, " of the influence of the sixteenth century upon the ninetsenth. No philosopher, so far as I am aware, has studied the influence of the nineteenth century upon the sixteenth. If cause produces effect, does effect never induce cause? Does the law of heredity, unlike all other laws of this universe of mind and matter, operate in one direction only? Does the descendant owe everything to the ancestor, and the ancestor nothing to the descendant? Does destiny, which may selze upon our existence, and for its own purposes bear us far into the future, never earry us back into the past?" I went back to my rooms in the Breede struct where my only companion was the silent clock.

## About Lawn Topuls Costumes.

From Harger's Barre "I have been playing lawn tennia with a young lady" (writes Major Waiter Wingthiel, the inventor that splended game, to the Phates), "and I have va-She is younger and quicker than I am, and awn tenus requires these qualifications, not great draugth or vast and accuracy so a woman can play as well as a man, this one did. How, then, did I wind fasten, and I will tell you a secret. I won the game single because I was dressed for lawn beans, and she was not Now why should this he? When she goes not reling shots on a riding limit. When she goes to bathe she n a bathing dress. Why, I wellers, when she plays awn tennis, doce she not just on a lawn tennis . both

This I must and then me I foun Pack in my easy thair. I think what sort of drawable might wear, and a cition of a fair form coad in a funic of white flans her throat, the lover such showing from umber the win coiner, a skirt of eighteen in ches long, a cherry colors band around ber waist, and a pair of continuous us white though each as men wear, only loosers, theats' at dress that would shock to one. Let I know women are critical about each other's dress. What will they y to such a startiliz imposation as file? I am nervou venutous making the suggestion, and hopeless about

sever being carried out the that as it may, stall, it amy club will start such a niform, the buly mumbers will peop the greatest com-exant levels and compete with all others such a most

"After such a dress, I have hardly patience to name others, but a Northia induct with a said read way down between the ance and the anale, and with a Tam o' Shroter cap on the head, would not be bed meither would a vivind eye's dress, of a Turkish costumwith pyramas, and a top skirt down to the knees, by ur subside. A litter is a communication excurent, but I don't know how to finish it off below. Will finds Harlerton turn her attention to this matter? She will never have a effer chance of introducing her divided skirt than as a

'At this moment I am aroused from my poveries by be furfer, who bines it does no the bines to eart me, coming many bate and my dress coties, I ask him to wait a memout, while I roll up all the elmeks, cap, and the best strupped round-and desired to kindly like their down to the weating to written the half and weigh them. In a few minutes he returned with the weight written down on a piece of paper. once acritiched a note to my lote opponent

Diean Mus C : Phave beaten you in set untable. The letters I was playing in only would fixe pounts and quarter. What do yours weight Will you kinnig let your maid weigh them-exceptions 3 m had to-and let know! Yours. The buller begins to think I am not quite same, but off

he goes with the letter, and when I come down to dinner I am informed that it has been most conscientiously done, and that they weight ten nonces and three quar ers. I saw the hundle, it was a big one, but of course was not all wed to invest gate the an red contents. The frees was a tweet tailor's made c stone.
"It follows that my thirtien stone of flesh, bone, an-

nects has only to carry five pounds and a quarter while her nine stone is hampered with ten nounds an If to morrow ahe were to play the best man in this

house, dressed as I have suggested suits be were han-dicapped by having a railway rug atrapped round his

SOME NEW BOOKS.

The Revisers' Text of the Greek Testament

It is well known that the revisers adopted large number of readings, which deviated from the text presumed to underlie the authorized version. A list of these readings was put into the hands of the delegates of the Oxford Press, who have now published them in the form of a continuous Greek text. All the differences between the Greek of the new text, and that which King James's translators had before their eyes, are noted in the margin; but the present editors have nowhere thought fit to name the manuscripts on whose authority the change was made by the revisers. We should add that, in all important respects, except where new readings have been introduced in the revised version, the edition now issued from the Clarendon Press is a reproduction of the text printed by Stephens in 1550. The present editors, for instance, follow Stephens in the titles of the books contained in the New Testament, and have preserved, in a great majority of instances, his spelling of proper names. As regards the distribution of the text into paragraphs they have followed the revised version, placing in the margin Stephens's familiar notation by chapter and verse. This text, in short, which constitutes the Greek original of which the revised version is the English counterpart, is a corrected and improved copy of an old printed text, not a transcript made de novo

which were unknown in the sixteenth century. The principle on which the new Oxford text has been constructed renders it much less satisfactory than the edition prepared by Dr. Westcott and Dr. Hort, and reprinted by the Harpers, with an introduction by Dr. Philip Schaff. The Cambridge Professors have paid not the least attention to preceding printed texts, but have based their work exclusively on documentary evidence, and the most careful comparison of all the ancient sources of the text, as they have been collected and made available by such masters of textual criticism as Lachmann. Tischendorf, and Tregelles. Unite the performance of Prof. Palmer, the Oxford editor. whose text derives its special interest and value from the Westminster or Anglo-American version, whose Greek fac-simile it is, the text of Westcott and Hort is an independent, critical recension, which will take rank among the great achievements in Biblical scholarship in

from the best uncial manuscripts, most of

our generation. In his introduction to the American edition of the text of Westcott and Hort, Dr. Schaff enumerates the critical canons whose application decides against the so-called Textus Receptus, from which the Protestant versions have all been made, and in favor of a new text founded exclusively on uncial authorities. It is clear, indeed, that an expansive acquaintance with documentary evidence must precede the choice of readings. It is equally plain that all kinds of evidence should be taken into account, according to their intrinsic value, and to this end authorities should be weighed rather than numbered, for one independant manuecript may be worth twenty which turn out to have all been copied from the same original. On close inspection the witnesses are found to fall in certain groups, or families, and to represent certain tendencies which were in full activity as early as the middle of the fourth century. At this date, to which the Vatican and Singitic codices are referred, there seem to have been already current in Christendom what may be distinguished as a Western, an Alexandrian, and a Syrian text of the New Testa-

ment documents. Other canonscited by Dr. Schaff to explain the method followed by Westcott and Hort will commend themselves as equally reasonable. Of course an older reading is, as a rule, preferred to a later, because it is presumably nearer the source; but, in exceptional cases, later copies may represent a more aucient reading. Again, the shorter reading is preferable to the longer, because insertions and additions are more probable than emissions. Another rule, accepted by most textual critics, affirmthat the more difficult reading is more likely to be genuine than the easier. According to principle laid down by Tischendorf, the read ing which explains the origin of the other readings is preferable. Equally judicious is Dr. Serivener's suggestion that the reading should be followed which best suits an author's peculiar style, manner, and nables of thought, it be ing the tendency of copylate to overlook the losyncrusies of the writer. Acceptable also o most critics is the canon which approves such readings as show no emphatic destring bias, whether orthodox or hereditary. It is indisputable that the agreement of ancient witnesses of all classes decides the true reading against all mediaval copies and printed editions. It may even be affirmed with confidence that the primary unclais, viz., the Sinaitic, Vaticae, Ephraem, and Alexandrian codices, and especially the two first named, if sustained by ancient versions and anti-Nicene citations in patristic writings, outweigh all later authorities, and give us, presumably, the origi-

na text. The application of these canons is fatal to the Textus Receptus, whose authority was undisnuted among European scholars from 1516 to 1770, and which, notwithstanding the numerous serrections made by the revisers on the warrant if uncial manuscripts, still forms the basis of the new English version, and of its Greek complement now issued from the Oxford press, The text, put together by Erasmus, and s improved by Stephens, Beza, and the Elzevirs. although it exercised for so long a period an absolute dominion among scholars, and was practically considered as the inspired word of God, really rested on a few late manuscripts. mostly cursive, which have very little or no weight when compared with the much older authorities which have since been brought to light. It abounced, too, in late additions, barmless though they often are; it arose, as it were by accident, before the material for the science of criticism was collected and organized. It was, as we have said, in 1516, just one year

before the Reformation, that Erasmus, the best classical scholar of his age (though abetier Latinist than Hellenist, brought out his first edition of the Greek Testament, being urged thereto by the publisher, Frobenius, who offered to "pay him as much as anybody." This edition was taken chiefly from two late Basel MSS, of the Gospels and Epistles, which are alli preserved in the University library at Basel. These Miss, are actually not of a later date then the fourteenth or fifteenth century. Erasmus compared them with two others. Apocalypse, however, he had only one MS. lone lost sight of, but rediscovered in 1861. This proved to be defective on the last leaf, containing the last six verses, which Brasmus had retranslated for the Textus Receptus from the Latin of the Vulgate into poor Greek. Erasmus. with the assistance of other less known scholars, published five editions, the second, issued in 1319, being the basis of Luther's translation. His entire textual apparatus never exceeded eight MSS. The best to which he had access he sed least, because he was afraid of it. This was a cursive of the tenth century, which is now found to agree better with the uncial codies. than with the received text. He also took the literty of repeatedly acrrecting or supplementing his text from the Vulgate. Erasmus himself said of his first edition that it was rather 'pitched out headlong than edited " 'profum full veries quete edition), in order that his publisher might anticipate the appearance of the Complutensian polyglet then proparing under the direction of Cardinal Ximenes in Spain. It was the third edition of Frasmus (published in 1522) which first inserted the spurious passage of the three heavenly witnesses (1 John, v. 7) from the Codex Montfortianus. Many other aditions of the text concected by Erasmus appeared at Vontee, Strasbourg, Basel and Paris before the great printer and scholar, Robert Stephens, undertook the work of revision. Stephons published editions of the Greek text of the New Testament at Paris in 1546, 1549. and 1550, and at Geneva in 1551. What is known as the royal edition of 1550 is

the most celebrated, and the nearest source of the Textus Receptus, so far as Engiand is concerned, being the Greek original of the authorized version. The text was mainly taken from

Erasmus, but included marginal readings from fifteen MSS, of the Paris library, two of which were valuable, but these, curiously enough, seem to have been least used. The edition of 1551, which was published at Geneva, where Robert Stephens spent the last years of his life as a professed Protestant, is remarkable for the versicular division, which here appears for the first time, and which Stephens is said to have made on horseback in the course of a journey from Paris to Lyons. The versicular division is injudicious, and breaks up the text, sometimes in the middle of a sentence instead of presenting it in sections agreeing with the movement of the thought. It is convenient for reference, however, and has, through long use, become so indianonable that the English re-

visers have retained it in the margin,

Of the other scholars whose names are more or less closely associated with our received text, Theodore de Beza, the friend and successor of Calvin in Geneva, published several folio editions of Stephens's Greek text, with some changes, and a Latin translation of his own. between the years 1565 and 1598. Although an eminent theologian and commentator, and enjoying the highest respect in England during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., Beza was a poor critic. He made but little use of two valuable uncial manuscripts, viz., the Codex B-zre, now in the library of the Cambridge University, and the Codex Claramontanus, now in the National Library at Paris. The former dates from the sixth century, but comprises only the Gospels and Acts, with a Latin ver-The latter, which is referred to the same date, contains only the Paulino epistics. The Codex Bezze has nany bold and extensive interpolationsfor example, a paragraph after Luke vi., 4. which is found nowhere else: "On the same day He (Jesus) beheld a certain man working

art thou if thou knowest what thou doest; but if thou knowest not, thou art accursed, and a transgressor of the law." It appears that the authorized English version agrees with Beza, egainst Stephens, in about ninety places; with Stephens, against Beza, in about forty; and differs from both in some thirty places. Beza's Latin version, and die notes, had also considerable influence, which often proved misleading, with King James's translators. As Erasmus was the first, so Elzevir's editor was the last author of the Textus Receptus. Between 1624 and 1641 the brothers Elzevir issued several editions at Leyden, which differed only in a few minor points from Beza's. Neatly printed, and of handy size, they were popular and authoritative for a long period. The preface to the second Elzevir edition boldly proclaims, " Here you have the text which now is universally accepted" (textum habes nune ab

on the Sabbath, and said unto him, Man, blessed

mnibus receptum). Hence the name Textus Receptus, or commonly received standard text, which became a part of orthodoxy on the Contiment. In England, Stephens's edition of 1550 acquired the same species of sanctity, but the two agree substantially, only 287 quite unimportant variations baving been discovered. All the Holland editions were scrupulously copied from the Elzevir text, and as late as 1753 Wetstein could not get permission to print his fanous Greek Testament, except on condition of following it. The period of transition from the Textus Re-

entus to the uncial text extends from 1770 to 1830. It is marked by enlarged comparison of such sources of the text as were then known. by the enunciation of critical canons, and by the gradual improvement of the Textus Receptus. The latter, however, was still retained as the basis of all editions until, through the influence of Lachmann and Tischendorf, it was rejected altogether by Continental scholars. The successive editions of Griesbach, Professor of Divinity at Halls and Jena, attest the beginning of a really critical text, based upon fixed rules, Among the canons which he laid down are some of those already cited, as, for instance, that a reading must be supported by ancient testimony, that the shorter reading is preferable to the longer, the more difficult to the easy, the unusual to the usual. Griesbach improved and entarged the critical apparatus constructed by Wetstein, and developed Bengol's system of recensions, which classify all textual authorities up for three heads, to wit, the Western the odex Beze, Latin versions, Latin Fathers); the Alexandrian (the Vatican, Ephraem, and Regius Codices), substantially a recension of the corrupt Western text; and the Constantiex Alexandrinus, given by the Patriarch of Constantinople, in 628, to King Charles L. Griesbach's principles of criticism were well considered and sound. but he was too much fettered by his rule never a depart from the Essevir text, except for clear Griesbach's recepsion of the Textus Receptus has been made the basis of several English and American editions. The restoration of the primitive text was be

classical philology in Berlin. Not being a theologian. Luchmann was not hampered by traditional prejudice. His object was to restore the oldest accessible text of the New Testament. that is to say, the text of the fourth or fifth century, as found in the most ancient sources then known. This he did not offer however as a final text, but simply as a sure historical basis for further operations of internal criticism. Lachmann prints in his edition even palpable errors, when they are sufficiently attested as parts of the lexius traditus of the fourth century. But his range of authorities was lim ited, for the great Sinnitic codex had not yet been discovered, and the Vatican and Ephraem manuscripts had not been critically edited. To him, nevertheless, belongs the credit of having broken a new path. He carried out Bentley's hint, and, in the teeth of much opposition from the professional theologians the Textus Receptus, and in substituting for it the uncial text of the Nicene age. Lachmann's principles were a loaded and pushed to further applications by Dr. Tregelles, perhaps the Greek translated by the revisers, it is plain that most distinguished English scholar of our time. Dr. Trecelles visited many libraries in Europe, collated the most important uncial and cursive MsS., and published the palimpsest known as the Codex Zazynthius, which comprises the Gospel of St. Luke. He left behind him a monumental work of painstaking and conscientious scholarship, but it needs to be corrected and supplemented by the lodex Sinuitious, as well as by the erition tion of the Codex Vationnus, which he was not permitted to inspect in flome. He was stricken down by paralysis in 1870, while engaged in concluding his recension of the Revelation, and wasthus prevented from taking part in the labors of the English Revision Committee, of

which he had been appointed a member. Prof. Tischendorf, who died in 1874, was by far the most industrious, enterprising, and successful textual critic of the nineteenth century. He ransacked the principal libraries of Europe in search of documents; made four sourneys to England and three to the Orient; discovered, collated, copied, and edited many most important MSS., and published, during the thirty years preceding his death, no less than twenty-four editions of the Greek Testament. The catalogue of his publications, most of them relating to Biblical criticism, covers more than ten octavo pages. He was the first to edit the Codex Claramontanus of the Pauline Episties, of which Beza had made some use. He was also the first to collate the Codex Basiliensis of the Gospels, which Erasmus had overlooked in the library at Basel. He published the Codex Laudianus of the Acts. which is one of Oxford's treasures, and which was used by the venerable Bede. He likewise published the Codex Regius of the Gospels and the Codex Purffranus, a palimy sest of the ninth century, which contains the Acts, Epistles, and Revolation. He discovered in Eastern monnateries a codex of the ninth contury comprehending the four Gospels, and another containing nly Luke and John, both of which are now in the Bodleian Library. He brought the Colex Petropolitanus, dating from the ninth century and containing the four Gospels nearly comgreat achievements are the distorery of the other single document, we will Singific codes, his critical edition of the Vati-

can MS., and his deciphering of the Ephraem palimpsest.

It was in 1844, during a visit to a monastery in the Sinaitic peninsula, that Tischendorf lighted upon forty-three leaves belonging to a MS, of the Old Testament in Greek, which bore every evidence of being more ancient than any he had ever seen. His satisfaction seems to have been too plainly expressed, and no persuasions could then induce the monks to part with the remainder. The forty-three leaves which Tischenderf was allowed to carry back with him to Europe were a part of the great Sinaitie eodex, which was yet to be unknown for many years. In 1853 the German scholar returned to Expt with the express purpose of copying the MS., but not a trace of the coveted parchments could be found. Six years afterward, having obtained a commission from the Bussian Emperor, who, from his relation to the Greek Church, is regarded with great reverence in all the Eastern monasteries, Tischendorf started a third time for the convent at Sinai. On this occasion he was completely successful, not only obtaining permission to copy the MS., but securing the original Itself for the imperial library at St. Petersburg, Then followed the labor of preparing an edition of the codex in fac-simile, which was accomplished in 1862, copies being distributed among the great institutions and libraries of the world We may remark in passing that several American libraries possess copies of this codex, as well as of Vercellone's fac-simile of the Vatican MS. The text is written upon very fine parenment, and the leaves that have been preserved contain, besides portions of the Old Testament, the whole of the New, being, in this respect, agperior to the Vatican MS., from which the pastoral epistles, Philemon, and the Apocalypee are lost. The age of the Sinaitic MS, is undoubtedly the fourth century, and & ranks immediately next to the Vatican codex for purposes of textual criticism. The discovery and publication of this ancient document must be pronounced the greatest contribution to the appliances of Biblical criticism in modern times. The work which Tisel en orf performed in

connection with the Vatican codex would alone suffice to place him in the foremost rank of Biblical scholars. Although this celebrated MS, has always been considered as of the highest value, it was, for a long time, only with the greatest difficulty that any scholars, except such as had official relations with the Vatican library, could gain access to its pages. Wha purported to be fac-simile editions of this MS have been published by Cardinal Mai and by Vercellone, but the necuracy of the reproduction has been seriously questioned. In 1843 Tischendorf went to Rome, with the hope of being allowed to copy this MS, ; but although he was strongly commended to the Papal authorities, he had to content himself with six hours for a hasty examination of the codex and the transcription of a few lines. Twenty-three years later he made a second attempt with better auccess. Although even now the total time during which the MS, was subject to his inspection, is said to have been only forty-two hours, he collated every word and letter of the New Testament, with the published editions. and was thus able to verify and make known all the textual and paleographic peculiarities of the MS. The value of this work will be appreciated when we bear in mind that the Vatican text is generally considered superior to any other for purposes of criticism, not even the Sinaitic codex being excepted save in the opinion of the discoverer.

We should not overlook a third remarkable performance of Tischendorl's, which he began at the age of 25. In the Greek department of the National Library at Paris is a document which has become famous as the Codex of Ephraem the Syrian, When Catherine de Medici brought the MS, from Italy to France, it did indeed exhibit, on the face of its pages, some sermons and other writings of the Syrian preacher and saint. In the latter part of the seventeenth century, however, a careful reader discerned traces of another text beneath that of Ephraem. Of course it was very faint, and in many cases wholly indistinguishable, but the MS, was indisputably a palimpsest, and theattention of scholars was at once directed to the work of deciphering the original writing, which revealed a portion of the Christian Scripture. The obstacles seemed insuperable, and after 150 years the work was still unfinished. Lachmann wrote in 1830 that if any scholar had the courage to undertake the task, he could secure mmortal fame by publishing the tex codex. Capperenter, a former head of the Paris library, had declared that no mortal could read consecutively the words of the New Testament written beneath the text of Ephraem. In 1840 Tischendorf went to Paris and spent about We should note that a twelvemonth in deciphering the hidden text and making it ready for publication. He was completely successful in overcoming the prodigious difficulties of the enterprise. Tischendorf's edition follows the MS, line for line, gun by Carl Lachmann (1842-50), professor of and brings out even the corrections made by revisers of the original MS, no less than four hands, according to Tischendorf, having been employed upon the ancient text. The Enhraem palimpsest is acknowledged on all ands to be a document dating not later than the fifth century, while the breaking up of the old book, the crasure of the original writing, and the formation of the new volume took place in the twelfth century. Only the Codex Vaticanus, the Codex Sinultieus, and the Codex Alexandrinus stand before it in value, while in some respects, especially in the texts of the Gospels, it is apperlor to the last-named MS. Had Tischendorf done nothing else but the deciphering of this palimpsest, he would still have carned lasting gratitude from those who seek to improve and apply the apparatus of textual criticism.

We observe that the Vattean codex is the chie.

authority for the Greek Testatment of Westcott eded in destroying the tyranny of, and Hort, whereas Tischendorf, in his last editions, naturally evinced a preference for the Simultic document. In the text lately issued from the Oxford Press, and which exhibits the changes & the Textus Receptus were reluctantly and infrequently countenanced, unless supported by the combined authority of three ut of the four great codices. In view of these facts, the edition of Westcott and Stort will be considered a bolder and more satisfactory attempt to reproduce the Greek text as it really existed in the fourth contury. We can now see how seriously the revisers were trammelled by their instructions to accept the Textus II copius. of which if ing James's translators underlied to givent English version, as the basis of their new work, and to diverge from it as little as possible. It is fast becoming manifest that their first make should have been precisely what Dr. Westerft and Dr. Hort have performed, viz., to discard altogether the corrupt and unauthoritative Textus Receptus, and produce a new and trustworthy text founded excusively on the colust uncial Mas. In that way, and that only could they expect to ascertain and restore, so far as such a thing is practicable, the original text as it came from the pens of the area of the thors. It is true that the revisers have int duced a great many corrections, but they would have done so much more frequently if under their instructions, they had not been forced to attach to the Textus Re-ptus a sort of prescriptive sagnity for which, as we have shown, there is no warrant whatscever. It will be found, for example, that almost all of the changes recommended by the American revisers, but rejected by the more onservative English members of the commitme, are justified by the Greek text to while lished by Westcott and Hort, Nord awants of anything more likely to give general saller faction than an English translation of this betwhich retraduces, on the whole, the trees of the Codex Varicanus, only modified in these places where the editors were controlled by the cumulative authority of the signific A 312 drian, and Et heaven codines. It is not the Varican MS, as the sale numbers of course; where it contains so errors-would be incomparally heart.